

Dr W H Chandler jun 95

# THE LEHIGH BURR.



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# THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOLUME XV. No. 7.

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APRIL, 1896.

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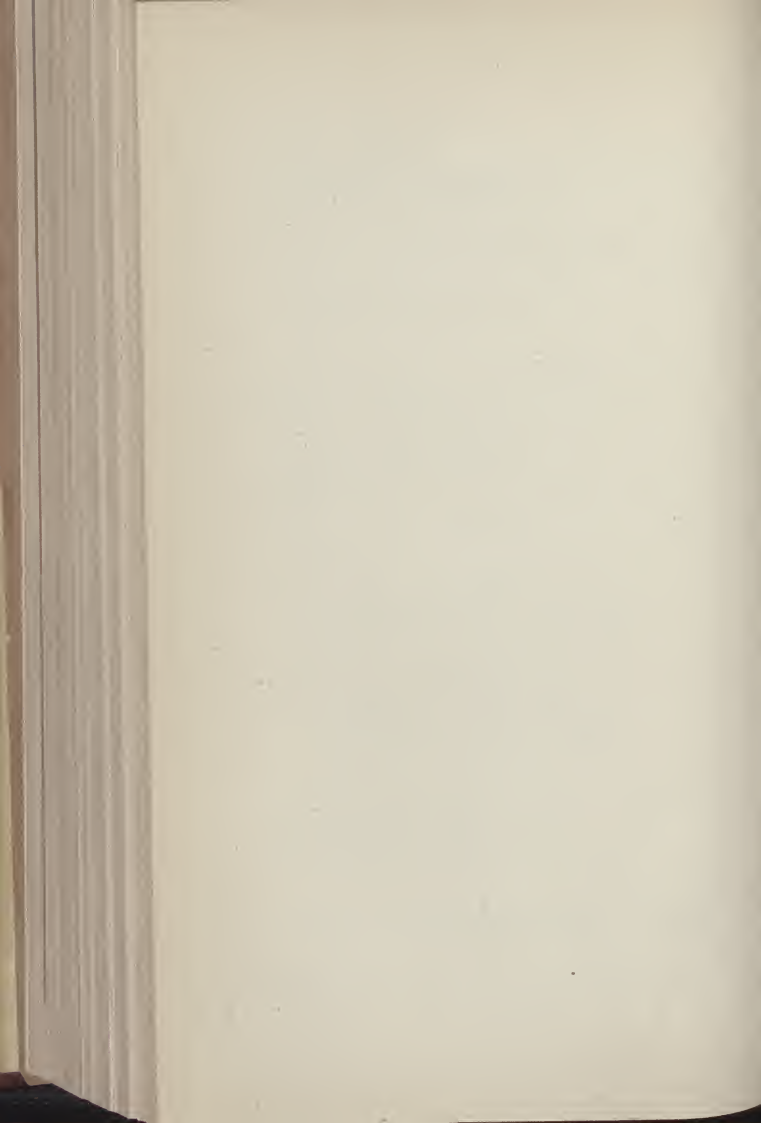
PUBLISHED BY THE  
STUDENTS OF LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

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FOUNDED, 1881.

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BETHLEHEM, PA.:  
TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
1896.



# THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. XV.

APRIL 29, 1896.

No. 7.

Published Monthly during the College Year.

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Business Manager, Brodhead Avenue, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Ass't Business Manager, Delaware Avenue, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Subscription, \$2.25; paid before February 1, \$1.75.

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## THE STORY OF A HERMIT.

The following curious manuscript was written by one who had secluded himself in an old hut about a mile or so from the small town in which I, whom he refers to as "the village doctor," practice. In riding about the country, visiting patients, I had often stopped and talked with him. Taking quite an interest in him, I visited him very often as a friend, and for the last year in the capacity of a physician.

He was a man broken in health, and one could easily see that he was suffering from a troubled mind and also from the effects of leading a bad life in youth. He was, I suppose, not more than fifty, yet in his appearance he looked every bit of seventy. Although a friend, he would not tell me anything concerning himself. Not even his name or age. Nor did I discover anything, until I found this writing, which was where he said it would be, under his bed.

The handwriting of the manuscript is very feeble and it looks as if it had been written at intervals. Many peculiarities in it will be noticed. He also leaves us to suppose many things for ourselves, in the course of his narrative. These, of course, are but my comments. The reader can form his own ideas after reading it.

## THE MSS.

I am dying—dying. But what is death? Is it not a deliverance? A deliverance from this world of sin? How I once did dread the word! But now the thought of it is almost a relief. In vain I tried at first to drown my troubled thoughts in drink. In vain have I spent my later days as a hermit, hoping that in solitude and by devotion I might be able to appease the voice of my conscience, which cries, incessantly, “murderer!” “murderer!”

There were two victims to my crime. One a dearly beloved friend. The other, that person who should be dearest above all others on this earth to a man. It was my mother. May the Lord have mercy on my soul.

\* \* \*

At the time of the opening of my narrative, I was sixteen. I was an only child, and like many other only children was indulged and spoiled. My parents were well off, and we lived in a comfortable home. All I ever wanted was given me, and I always had plenty of pocket money; too much in fact. I was weak and chose bad companions, not having the firmness or will to discard them. My mother had always been extremely delicate, but I took after my father, who was a very large and healthy man. I was more indulged by her, than by him. I was her ideal of boyhood's manliness. Oh, that I had fulfilled her hopes! Oh, that all I am about to relate had never happened! But that is the cry of all wrong-doers, and what can it avail me now?

But to my story. It had always been a great desire of mine to go away to school, and now that I had reached the age of

sixteen, thither I was sent. There I met, as a room-mate, my much-beloved friend. It was with his help that I kept from the evil boys of the school. But at last the temptation was too great, and not being strong, I yielded and became their easy victim. I would go with them without the knowledge of my friend, I thought. But he saw through my lame excuses of absence, when I supposed I was fooling him.

One day I received a letter saying that my mother had been taken ill. About a night or so after, I, being ashamed and too weak to refuse, with several others became badly intoxicated. While in this condition I was met by my friend. Oh, the expression of his face when he saw me! But all he did was to quietly take my arm and lead me away.

"I did not think this of you." That was all the reproach. I followed submissively, but was angered by the hoots and hisses which followed us from the others. "Let me go," I cried, struggling.

He held me firmly, but maddened by the now distant, but still following, laughter and cries, I tore myself away. Hardly knowing what I was doing, being under the influence of the liquor, I seized a stone and with it in my fist, struck him in the face. Struck him, the friend whom I loved more than my own life. The stone struck him on the temple. A thin stream of blood ran down his cheek, and he fell forward, dead!

The fact that I was a murderer burst upon me, and for a time my mind left me and I was as a madman. Gazing at the body, I laughed wildly. But I had sense enough to push the corpse into an open alleyway where it would be completely hidden until some one should come through from the house. Then turning, I ran. In what direction I know not, but it was a long distance. When sense again returned to me I was in my room. Oh, the remorse, the anguish, which came to me, with the realization of my crime. No idea can be formed of that feeling, until it comes to you.

My first thought was that of escape. It was about midnight and there was no time to lose. Having hastily collected a few

clothes and having taken all the money I had, I was about to leave when I saw a telegram lying on the table. It was directed to me. Tearing it open, I read :

"Your mother much worse. Come home at once. Can reach here early tomorrow morning." And it was signed by my father.

The message fell from my hand. I reeled backwards, and would have fallen had I not caught hold of something for support. Recovering myself, I again started from the room, and not long after was in the depot. The next train east came in a few minutes and I took it. All this happened before the murder was discovered, and now I was every minute rolling miles further away.

My idea was to go to some seaport and there try to go to sea. Until the next morning I traveled. Then my destination was reached and I sought a place on board on some outward bound vessel. But I was disappointed. My looks told that I was a runaway. Being unsuccessful all that day, I was obliged to put up for the night at a low sailors' boarding-house.

Now comes the supernatural part of my story. People may argue and say all they wish, but they cannot convince me that things do not happen sometimes supernaturally. Years have passed since then, yet the vision of that night will ever be impressed upon my mind.

As I said before, I took lodging at a sailors' boarding-house. The room given me was the best the house could afford, but that was not much. With troubled mind I lay down on the rude bed. In vain I tried to sleep. The scenes of the last few days would force themselves before my memory, and with them the same feeling of remorse. Once while dozing in the midst of such thoughts, I heard a rustling near my bed, and turned my eyes. Bending over me, at the bedside, was my mother. So real and life-like was the apparition, that, for a moment, I forgot where I was, and was carried back to my

home, waking to find all a horrible dream, with her leaning over me, as in my younger days, to kiss it all away.

But, alas! No. Remaining in the same position, she spoke:

"My son, I forgive you! I leave you for a better world, where I shall pray for you. Good-bye!" and she moved away and disappeared.

From that moment I lost all consciousness, and when I came to myself, the morning had dawned. I thought upon the vision. Was it to be believed in? It could not be that it was a dream, for dreams are always vague, and this remained upon my memory with peculiar distinctness. The meaning of her words was only too plain. But did they not mean more than that she had died. Again were the words rehearsed in my mind.

"My son, I forgive you! I leave you for a better world, where I shall pray for you. Good-bye!"

It flashed upon me. She had died with the knowledge of my crime, which I knew they could not keep from her, and perhaps the news had hastened her death. And so I was a double murderer. Then, after these thoughts, came a desire to see my mother before she was buried, and, as soon as possible, I was on the way to the town in which we lived. Going disguised, for I was afraid of detection, I arrived there that day, and walked up the principal street to where our home stood. My worst hopes were realized, for a crape hung at our door. It was not such a shock to me for I had fully expected it, and now was almost hardened to anything. Being concealed, I was not recognizable, and could, without being noticed, walk past the house and slip in. Admission would be easily gained, for my latch key lay in my pocket. This I did, and found myself in the front hall. I entered the parlor. There stood the casket containing the last earthly remains of my mother. It was closed. I opened it and passionately pressed my lips to the cold face. Then rising, stood gazing at her features. I know not how long I had remained there,

when I was aroused by a footstep in the hall, and my father appeared at the door.

"Who are you? What want you here?" he said as he saw me.

He did not know me. Tearing off my disguise, which I had forgotten, I cried:

"It is I, father. It is I."

"You! You! Call me not father," he exclaimed, starting.

"Spare me, one moment," I cried seeing his countenance changing.

"One question. When did she — she —?" I could say no more.

He understood me.

"Last night," was the answer.

"Were not her last words 'My son, I forgive you. I leave you for a better world, where I shall pray for you! Good-bye!'?"

"They were," he said, controlling himself with a great effort, and as I complied to the motion of his hand, which was towards the door, I heard, as in a dream, his stern voice.

"Go! You have been a disgrace! You have caused your mother's death! You are no longer my son! Go!"

I obeyed silently.

\* \* \* \*

Thus cast out upon the world so young, to what might I not have fallen. Now, as I write this in my last hours, my whole life from that moment comes vividly before me. Its first years were spent in sin and wrong. Its last as a devout hermit.

The village doctor says I cannot live long. It is from the effects of my former life. But I am resigned.

The end is near. The time when I shall go to my mother and my friend, or — I dare not think of the alternative.

Farewell! Farewell!

ALLAN RALSON.

P. S.—I hide this manuscript under my bed, where I hope it may be found, and the record of another broken and mis-used life added to the many others of these sad histories. Again I say, farewell!

A. R.

**MY FIRST SALE.**

"Yes, my object is to establish a branch office near the location of our lots on the Heights. This office in which we are sitting will be our down-town office, while the situation of the branch office will enable persons to obtain information concerning lots, without the necessity of coming away down here."

"Exactly," said I, "then I understand that I am to have full charge of the branch office."

"It is my intention," he said, "to give you complete charge; you will consider yourself my partner on the terms I named—that you will have all the commissions from sales made at the branch office. Down here we will be engaged in collecting rents, principally, but of course we will make whatever sales we can, also."

I rose to leave.

"Mr. Burton," I said, "I accept your proposition and I thank you heartily for your generosity in allowing me all the profits from the new office."

"Oh," he laughed, "don't speak of it, business is business. Very well, I shall make all necessary arrangements, and soon after the first of the month I will hope to see you well started."

"Good morning," I said, and I left the room.

As I rode down on the elevator I felt older by years than when I had ridden up a few moments before; for in those few moments I had been chosen a partner in the real estate firm of Burton & Burrows. Then a sense of my own unworthiness came upon me, and I wondered why Mr. Burton, acting in the absence of Burrows, had been willing to give to me, an inexperienced boy, (for I was only twenty at the time) such a position of trust as this one must undoubtedly be. I reflected on his generous proposition—I was to have complete control of the new office and all the profits—all! It seemed reckless extravagance to make such an offer, but "business is business," I reflected, and silenced the voice of my conscience.

In the course of a week I received a postal from Messrs. Burton & Burrows, asking me to call and receive keys, etc., to the branch office of which I was to be the head. I immediately repaired to the main office where I was, I believed, very respectfully received by Mr. Burton. I sat and chatted a few moments with my partner, then, he being called to business duties, I started for my office, feeling keenly the dignity and responsibility of my new position.

But I was a young man and as others did, and do still, I built castles in the air; I had somehow conceived the idea that when I arrived at my destination, I would find there an office full of clerks, typewriters, office boys, janitors, (so fanciful are the dreams of youth) everything in order waiting for their leader, their lord, myself; I would bustle in, brush all of my attendants aside, and seek the seclusion of my private office. It was all a dream. Arriving at my journey's end, no merry clatter of a typewriter gladdened my ear; there was no audible giggling of idle office boys; I looked about in vain for my chief clerk. The room, my office, was a long low chamber, practically empty. On the wall hung maps of various parts of the city. In the center of the floor was a revolving chair, before it stood a desk, and on the desk sat a typewriter—not a gracefully formed creature with beautiful dark eyes and lovely tapering fingers; no, only a Remington No. 2, in a black enameled tin case. In a second my air castle tottered and fell, and the cold hard truth dawned upon me: I was the only person in the office. In myself I beheld the real estate man, as also the chief clerk. I was the pretty type-writer and all the giggling office boys. Then I sank into the chair as I realized that I must be the janitor too. It was too bad.

How long I remained in the dream into which I had fallen, I do not know, but I suddenly came to myself and experienced a chilly sensation—the office was cold. I was overcome by the intense solitude of the place. For several moments I sat and brooded over my disappointment, then common sense got the better of imagination and I said to myself, “Get up out of

this, of course you can't have a whole office full of people until you have things running awhile," and I laughed at myself as I wondered how I could have been surprised in finding the office what it was. But it was quite different from the bustling main office.

I was still cold so I instructed my "janitor" to build a fire in the fire-place with some wood I found in a box in the back part of the office. Then, acting in the capacity of office boy I "tidied up" the desk, and placed upon the inkstand the pen and pencil which I found lying about in disorderly confusion. Ugh! How lonely that plan was! But why did no customers come?

I staid there until six o'clock that evening, maintaining myself constantly in an expectant attitude, ready to receive the first customer with open arms; but no customer came. The next day came and went and still no customer arrived. "It must be that our sign is not conspicuous enough," I thought, and I went out to the street to look at it. There it was—the letters large and flaring enough almost, to be heard as well as seen.

A week past during which time I had felt indescribably lonely and miserable. I had not sold a lot; I had not even seen a customer. Not a soul had entered that office but myself and the post-man during all that time. I could stand this no longer, I must have some one to talk to—an assistant. I looked about the room and my eye fell on the telephone, my only connection with the main office and which, by the way, I had not had occasion to use. Rising, I rang up the main office. "Can I see Mr. Burton, a few minutes?" I asked. "I don't think you can *see* him," said a voice at the other end of the wire, "but may be he can speak to you if he ain't too busy," and the fresh office boy laughed provokingly into his end of the 'phone while I gnashed my teeth at mine.

Presently some one else was at the 'phone.

"Mr. Burton?" I asked.

"Yes."

I continued,

"Mr. Burton, I've—been rather busy lately—little pressed for time. Would it be convenient for you to—to spare me an office boy?"

No answer came. But presently I heard another voice at the 'phone—that of the fresh office boy. He said that Mr. Burton had been called away suddenly from the 'phone, but desired him to say that, he (Mr. Burton) did not at present find my request reasonable. So I left the 'phone disgusted.

Now sitting for days without seeing a living soul except outside in the street, had two effects upon me: I gradually relaxed my muscles from their strained state of expectancy and I became indifferent to business. One day, I think it was my "busy" day, I had given the "janitor" a half holiday. As for myself, I was engaged in wondering and calculating; first I wondered how long the wood in the box would last if it did not turn cooler; then I counted the logs and was calculating how long they should last, when the door suddenly opened and in walked my long looked for purchaser. At last! At last! Though belated, he had arrived at last.

I sprang up from my chair and grasped the stranger's hand, shaking it warmly. He seemed rather surprised at my warmth and when I asked where he would probably wish to buy, he seemed even more surprised. Then I dragged him toward the maps hanging on the walls, as I rapidly ran over the prices per foot of each lot, and discoursed at length on the sterling qualities of them all. So I talked for some fifteen minutes, when I paused, fully expecting my new found friend, my customer, to say, "I'll take this one," or "I'll take that one." But he did not speak.

"I have not told him enough," I thought, and was about to recommence my flood of real estate talk, when he dropped his eyes languidly from the map.

"It's all very nice, isn't it?" he said, and smiled blandly. Then he continued.

"You have been so kind to me that I feel I owe you something—."

"Not at all," I interrupted.

"But I feel I owe you something for your kindness to me. Yes, you have been exceedingly kind."

"Don't mention it, don't speak of it," I said growing impatient.

The individual continued.

"So few people are kind to me, but you have been so very kind—I feel I owe you—"

"Oh, yes," I said "but what is all this leading to? Do you wish to buy a lot?" I added angrily.

"Oh, no, not at all," he said.

"Oh!" burst from me.

"No, but I feel I owe you something—."

"Well, for heaven's sake pay me then," I muttered.

The individual looked about him. His eye rested on the single desk in the middle of the room. Then turning to me, he asked,

"Do you walk to this place in the morning?"

"Sometimes I walk and sometimes I ride, what of it?" I asked.

In answer to my question he drew a package from his coat pocket which he handed me with ceremony; then sticking his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, he regarded me with eager countenance.

"I have here," said he, "six boxes of Doctor Billing's celebrated, world-renowned cure for sore feet."

"What!" I said.

"Especially adapted to the removal of corns, bunions, and callous knobs on the feet. The price of each box is five cents, but I offer you—I offer you the six for twenty-five cents." These words he jerked out, but pausing to give emphasis to the important words.

For a time I was struck dumb with dismay. Presently I found my tongue.

"A corn doctor!" I shrieked, "You wretch, get out of here before I kill you," and I opened the door and threw the half unwrapped package out into the street. On that instant my "janitor's" half holiday expired and he was with me again; he did his duty as a janitor should. Then I went out in front of the office, blowing hard from my exertion and watched the individual ambling down the street, his broken derby and rumpled clothes bearing silent witness to the furious assault I had made upon my first purchaser.

*Francis DuPont Ammen.*

---

**NOT GUILTY.**

I know I have some grievous faults:  
I try to fashion rhymes.  
Of course, against poetic art,  
They're naught but awful crimes.

I'll admit my meter's "twisted,"  
I've heard it always is;  
So it's easy to remember,  
I'm a stranger to this "biz."

But if a jury tried me,  
This verdict would they bring,  
"The gent, he hasn't broke the law,  
And writ of 'Gentle Spring.'"

*—Francis DuPont Ammen.*

**A GHOST OF DEATH.**

It was Christmas eve, and light-wood knots were blazing and sputtering in the huge fire-place of an old Virginia home. Before the fire sat a small crowd of young people. They had thrown cushions upon the floor and huddled in a cozy group, they were going to tell ghost stories. Tom was asked for his best, and he began.

"An old gentleman told me this, and though it may be an old story, he claimed that he knew most intimately those concerned. Therefore, I shall give it to you as 'twas gi'n to me."

"One Christmas eve, long years 'before the war,' a small crowd of girls and boys did as we are doing now. The house in which they were staying was old, and its surroundings looked like this one's. It had its legends and its secret closets, and as usual, and again like this, it had its haunted room.

"The fire, like this, had burned low, and its flickering flame sent fitful shadows along the walls, now small, now large; now faint, now distinct; now darting forward, now drawing back like great mysterious hands.

"Even the night resembled this one. Outside, it was cold and windy. Far off in the distance could be heard the roar of the heavy surf as it broke upon the shore, while momentarily great gusts of wind shrieked around the gables, like the wail of some evil spirit seeking entrance. Then when it lulled, the sighing of the pines made a wierd accompaniment.

"Thus these young folks sat and told ghost stories till it was time to go to bed.

"In the crowd were two boys who had come to do some shooting during the holidays. An old negro servant showed them to their room, and as he put the finishing touches on the little wood fire, he said: 'You young gent'men hab got one ob de finess rooms in de house, but dey tells me hit used ter be hanted, darfore dis ole nigger aint hankering arter sleeping in here. Good-night, young gent'men, hope you will resse easy

and hab some good shootin termorrer.' Then the old negro bowed himself out.

"The nerves of both the boys were a little unstrung by the various ghost stories they had just heard, and this piece of information was anything but comforting.

"The room was large, and the massive furniture was made of mahogany. The bed was high, and beneath it were the three steps which rendered the ascent easier. The huge posts reached almost to the ceiling, and around their tops was a slight frame-work from which hung the silk curtains. These curtains reached the floor. Those on the side were divided at the middle and tied at the bottom to the posts. Beside the bed was a small table, and on it was a candle, a pair of snuffers, a block of matches (a luxury in those days), and a Bible. Opposite the bed was a huge wardrobe, and the bureau, the washstand, and the three, high, straight-back chairs corresponded.

"The two boys sat talking for awhile, both frightened in a vague sort of way, yet both ashamed to show it. At last one said: 'I say, old fellow, let's be candid. Neither of us believe in ghosts, but neither of us like the idea of sleeping in this room. We have six hours to sleep, I will keep watch for the first three while you sleep, and perchance we will get a glimpse of the supernatural.' Then forcing a laugh, he added: 'I will put my hunting-knife on the table within reach.'

"They retired accordingly, and soon one slept, while the other watched.

"The storm had partly subsided. The heavy clouds had broken up, and momentarily the moon shone out quite brightly, filling the room with its mysterious, silvery light, and making the candle flame appear more yellow.

"As the watcher listened to the monotonous ticking of the clock in the hall below, he heard a creaking noise and then a tap against the window pane. Could a broken bough on the tree outside have made that noise, thought the boy, and as he

listened he distinctly heard a footstep. Again and again it was repeated, and the stairway creaked at each step.

"A vague, indefinite sort of fear crept over the watcher, and without knowing why, his eyes were riveted on the wardrobe. Nearer and nearer came the step, the creaking of the stairs became more distinct, and the wardrobe began to swing slowly away from the wall on one end as on a pivot.

"Held by some strange fascination, and terrified beyond the power of acting, the boy remained silent.

"When the wardrobe had reached a position at right angles to its former one, it stopped noiselessly, and the watcher saw that it had hidden a hole in the wall about the size of an ordinary door, and through this opening the balustrade of a winding stairway was visible. Up this stairway something was coming.

"As the wardrobe ceased to move the noise stopped, and nothing broke the silence save the monotonous tick, tick of the old clock below. With intentness born of terror the boy watched the opening, and a face appeared. A face hardly human. The hair was long and matted, the forehead low and the brows heavy and beetling. The eyes, devoid of all expression, save perchance a certain cunning, were small, sunken and bloodshot. The nose was short and broad and the nostrils thick. The cheek bones were high and prominent. The lower jaw was powerful and a shaggy beard made the face appear more savage. The mouth was wide and almost hidden by a heavy mustache. But stranger still, from beneath the upper lip two huge tusks protruded, resembling in shape those of a walrus, and from the shaggy grey mustache hung drops of bloody foam.

"The candle had burned low, the flame sputtered, flared up for an instant and died away leaving the moon to light the room unrivaled.

"The eyes continued to peer around the room, then they rested on the bed and its occupants. The face moved, and

after a step or two, the creature entered. Still more repulsive it seemed in the silvery moonlight. It was much larger than the average man and the finger nails were long and claw like.

"Summoning up all the forces of his will, the boy reached for his knife. The creature perceived the movement, and with one bound he was beside the bed. With the quickness of thought the hand holding the knife was helplessly pinioned to the boy's side, and he felt himself dragged out of bed and into the opening in the wall. Down the creaking, rickety stairway the struggle continued. Again and again the boy tried to use the knife, and at last wrenching his arm free he drove the blade into the creature's breast. Deeper and deeper he sank the blade, the warm blood gushed over his hand, and the creature sank a helpless mass at the foot of the steps.

"Freeing himself from the repulsive monster he looked around. The room resembled a cellar with huge stone columns reaching to the ceiling, and the atmosphere was damp and stifling. A dizziness overpowered him and every thing seemed to be whirling round with the rapidity of a flywheel. Then the motion became slower and slower, until at last it ceased, and the huge stone pillars dwindled down into bed posts. His hand was covered with blood and the knife was driven into the heart of his friend.

"That's all," said Tom, and as he stopped a sob was heard. Out of the armchair, where he had sat unnoticed, rose the old Colonel. His face was pale and large drops stood on his forehead. Pressing his hand over his eyes, and controlling himself with an effort he said: "Tom, that story is true and it was I who in my dream, killed my friend."

*Harry Layfield Bell.*

**LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA, ON A SUMMER NIGHT.**

The bon-fire built on the murmuring shore  
    Leaped high in the scented air,  
The sugar pines rose beyond its light,  
And cast deep shadows to left and right,  
    On the terrace green and fair.

The summer wind crept o'er the mountain lake,  
    Scarce rippling the waters blue,  
While the fountain shot from the dimpling wave,  
And fell back by the light the bon-fire gave,  
    Like the blood when Brutus slew.

On the hill where the fire-light met the shade,  
    Stood a house among the trees;  
Along the front stretched a broad low porch,  
Lit up at one end with a flaming torch,  
    Which flickered in the breeze.

Behind the deep eaves the full moon shone  
    On Tallac's cross of snow,  
And Tahoe's breast and the crystal peaks,  
Where 'mid lightning flashes the storm-god shrieks,  
    And the winds of winter blow.

But the crags looked white and silent then,  
    On the shining lake below;  
And the misty cataract's muffled roar  
Was the only sound, save along the shore,  
    Where the flames shot to and fro.

—*Edward Coppée Thurston*

## EDITORIAL.

MUCH to our regret, this issue of THE BURR is several days late. The delay was unavoidable.

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EACH year there is an unaccountable lack of interest in literary work shown by the Freshman Class, and this year has not been an exception to the rule. There are now three vacancies on the Board of Editors, two of which must be filled by 'Ninety-nine men, the other by a 'Ninety-eight man. These vacancies will not be filled until worthy men are found. It is impossible to believe that there is not some good material in these classes, and we urge any member who has any ability, not to allow himself to be held back by modesty or timidity. We will be glad to have submitted to us articles of any nature whatsoever.

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WITH the present number of THE BURR the new Board of Editors have assumed control. We realize most fully the magnitude and importance of the task we have undertaken, and feel very painfully our inadequacy.

It shall be our earnest effort to conduct THE BURR along the same lines mapped out by the previous Board, and with the support of the college and alumni we trust the publication will be a readable one. So with greeting and best wishes to all, we take up our pen most cheerfully.

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I N general, critics are not apt to agree on the merits of any kind of a performance, unless its features are of particular excellence or unworthiness. This is almost an axiom, and is to be expected from the differences in various observers, and their points of view. There has been somewhat of this customary lack of unanimity in the verdicts expressed over the recently enacted "Mustard and Cheese" play. A large

number of people have remarked, that it was a most creditable and interesting affair; and a certain number have expressed their dissatisfaction with it.

As a departure from what has been the custom in recent years, since the Mustard and Cheese was revived, "The Wedding March" was particularly likely to occasion diverse opinions.

The selection of a play which required no large choruses, and permitted the introduction of very little in the line of pleasing specialties, such as dancing and singing, was doubtless somewhat unexpected by Mustard and Cheese patrons. And perhaps from the nature of things, such a play could not be expected to make the emphatic and popular hit that the extravaganza-style of performance has made heretofore. The point is, however, that in passing judgment on these two classes of plays, the same standards cannot be used. The "Wedding March" was an attempt at what is called "the legitimate;" it depended for its success on "straight" acting, and there was no tinsel and glitter to cover defects. Recognizing this fact and regarding the circumstances, we have no hesitation in saying the performance was a highly creditable one. There is always a great deal of hard and conscientious work done at such times, which can receive no proper public recognition. And this last was no exception to the rule. The careful work of Mr. Daly, the coach, and of the cast generally, was very deserving of praise. Some of the individual acting was particularly good, and what there was in the musical and specialty line, was in as competent hands and was as thoroughly attended to, as it has ever been,—which means much. The college men who assisted in the orchestra deserve especial commendation for the spirit shown. The costumes were very pretty and effective, perhaps even more so than ever before.

It was lamentable to note the poor, miserably poor, financial support given the club by the college at large. College men constituted an unusually small percentage of the audience in South Bethlehem. In fact there were fewer Lehigh men

present at the home performance than there were Lafayette men at the one in Easton, which scarcely speaks well for Lehigh's appreciation of her own talent and ability.

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EVERY one of us must have noticed the increasing lack of interest shown by the college men in college affairs. There are examples of it which confront us at every turn. As an instance, the attendance of college men at "The Wedding March" was disgracefully small. To see a play given by their own classmates—a play, which, even by a paper, perhaps inclined to be too critical, was pronounced "a success," forty men out of nearly four hundred lend their presence. Such a lack of college spirit is ridiculous, but it is at the same time lamentable.

But this indifference to college affairs is noticeable in more ways than one. THE LEHIGH BURR, a magazine whose object is the furtherance of the best interests of the undergraduate-body of Lehigh men, receives more support from the alumni and persons not connected with the University than from that same undergraduate-body.

As regards the first and best means of supporting a paper, that is, by paying one's subscription, we can only say that no one could run his eye down our subscription list without forming the idea that this is a paper devoted to charitable ends. The alumni subscribers outnumber the undergraduate subscribers by three to one. By subscriber we do not mean that stingy-hearted literary Jew, closely related to the catalogue fiend, who gladly reads anything he does not have to pay for, furnishing his name, and allowing his room to be turned into a trap for free literature, but we mean the man who *pays his subscription*. In the past year there has been collected for subscriptions from the undergraduate-body, representing more than three hundred subscriptions to THE BURR, the sum of forty-five dollars (\$45.00).

As for the second means of supporting a paper, by contributions of articles, it may be well to state that apparently the

god of unpaid subscriptions and the god of uncontributed articles (if there be such deities) are contesting for the "booby" prize, and the race is a close one. The editorial staff of a paper should not be expected to write all the stories and articles published by them; such is not the case with any magazine in the country. Such a state of affairs would be marked by a tiresome sameness in the tone and style of the articles, for, disguise it as he will, every man has a style peculiar to himself. Excepting editorials, not one out of twenty articles or stories appearing in any magazine is written by a member of its Board. The public assists the Board by contributing material for publication; the Board of Editors furnish the public with a readable magazine; but it is a rare occurrence, indeed, that an article appears in the columns of *THE BURR* that is not written by an editor of its present Board or an ex-editor. It is true, that out in the world the contributors of articles are compensated; but is it to be expected that we reach into our pockets to pay Lehigh men for contributions to a Lehigh paper! What pay does this Board receive? None. Just as the editorial staff of any magazine demands the literary assistance of the public, so we ask the help of the college men. They are our public.

Our Board this year is unusually small, so we urge the college men to give us their support, to submit us articles for publication and to pay their subscriptions. We can, it is true, publish a number of *THE BURR* every month; we may write every word in it from cover to cover; by hard work and at the sacrifice of other duties we can place it in the reader's hand when it is due; but this is not all we wish. We desire to furnish the readers of *THE BURR* with a readable publication; one which will not be tossed aside after a moment's perusal, but one which will show, that, though Lehigh is a technical university, she has her students in journalism as well as her engineers.

## THE GOSSIP.

Every town has its gossips, and the smaller the town the busier the tongues in it. Usually the idea of gossiping is associated with nodding sun-bonnets, but it is the opinion of The Gossip, himself, that as many choice bits of information are exchanged over the bowls of two friendly pipes as escape to the outer world from beneath a sun-bonnet. There is a little piece of gossip going around now. It was told The Gossip by a small boy. The news came straight like the bit of information told about Mrs. Jones which also "came straight": Mrs. Higgins having whispered something to Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Watts told little Willie Watts, and he told little Charlie Chaucer, and little Charlie told his dear Ma, and Mrs. Chaucer being a sworn "friend" of Mrs. Jones, confronted her with some startling statements. But this news did come straight.

Well, The Gossip heard the other day that the Faculty was negotiating with a leading machine-shop superintendent in Philadelphia, for the purchase of a phonostatescope, which is to be set up in the chapel. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with technicalities, The Gossip will define the phonostatescope, which is a recent invention. The phonostatescope is a machine which applies the principle of the electric commutator to the commutation of sound waves. Its fundamental object was the destruction of "beats" in sound waves, but it has been perfected into a machine whose object is much higher and more difficult of attainment.

Curious it is, that this invention should have originated in the brain of a Lehigh man, but not so curious after all, for "necessity is the mother of invention." It is said of the inventor that he was sitting in chapel one morning listening to the beautiful whisperings of his own soul, when his ear for har-

mony was shocked by the continued recurrence of "beats" in the sounds he heard. The great inventor observed what was taking place around about him. The choir was singing, and he discovered, that, as the good dominie went up on a note with some of the choir, the rest of the choir was coming down on another; whenever the two divisions crossed each other, there occurred, what is known in acoustics as a "beat."

He set to studying and experimenting, and soon produced a machine for successfully commutating these two divisions of vocal sound into one; he was about to set up his invention in the chapel, when to his utter disgust, he discovered that his machine, which had been designed for combining two divisions in the choir, now had to contend with three, four, five, and often more divisions. Baffled, but not discouraged, the inventor set to work again, and soon produced this splendid monument to engineering genius, the phonostatescope, which is capable of commutating and blending into perfect harmony any number of voices singing in as many different keys, and any distance apart. It is only necessary that the same song be sung by all.

The machine will shortly be set up in place and will be beautifully finished. It will make the same number of revolutions as the dominie, everybody's time, tune, etc., being commutated to the pace set by him.

It is certainly a grand scheme and *The Gossip* for one, heartily approves of the Faculty's action in the matter.

\* \* \*

*The Gossip*, being rather a conservative individual and like the cat more attached to places than to persons, dislikes to see his old haunts ruthlessly destroyed. He has had many sorrows in this line, but none struck so deep as the closing of "Jim's sanctum." Here, for five or ten minutes before each class, regular receptions were held, jokes were cracked, stories told, and current topics discussed. If those four walls could only speak, what a medley of college small talk and secrets they would recount. The ideas of Lehigh Students for years

back, the aspirations and hopes of the upper-class man and the trials and woes of the Sophomore and Freshman.

In spring and summer The Gossip can sit on Packer Hall steps or stretch himself on the grassy terrace, but when winter comes with its snow and cold winds the loss will be unbearable and like a disembodied spirit, he will be seen roaming from place to place seeking rest and finding none. Even now the door has a mysterious look and The Gossip does not doubt that, in the course of time, strange noises will be heard inside. The place will become haunted by an army of spirits, and the student leaving Packer Hall at dusk will hurry by with a shudder.

Surely the closing of this old-time retreat leaves a gap which must ever remain empty. The Gymnasium and Library are but poor substitutes and the Lounging Room is too far from Packer Hall. No, there is but one "Jim's sanctum" and that, once gone, can never be replaced.

\* \* \*

Of all the qualities that man may admire in man, there is no quality like that of bravery; and yet, we often hear the brave spoken of as fools. Have we not the saying, "Fools rush in—," but we all know the proverb.

The news of a recent case of heroism and bravery of the highest order reached The Gossip the other day through the columns of the Bethlehem daily press. It seems that only six young Allentown men, unassisted except by clubs, met and defeated in a hand to hand conflict one Lehigh man. Only six of them against one whole Lehigh man! Why, the college man might have hurt some one of them. He might have called the police and had the daring half dozen arrested—and then again he might not; if he did call for assistance from the strong arm of the law The Gossip can guess what must have been the result. The Gossip regrets that he could not learn the outcome of the affair, but he does not doubt that a "tax"

was levied upon the college man for molesting unprotected youths. And as this occurrence is not without precedent, The Gossip presumes that the "wise judge" who sat upon the case and the person concerned in it, appeared, the next day, in a new suit of clothes.

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### THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

The College Magazines for the past month contain a large number of good things, some of the fiction being very clever. The effect of spring can already be observed in the verse, and winter's winds and storms are fast giving way to spring's balmy breezes and bright flowers as the themes of college poets.

The University of Virginia Magazine for March contains several bright stories and appears in a very neat form.

Some of the recent college verse is well worth repeating:

#### FAREWELL.

The meek and lowly Freshman  
Is homesick here today,  
He longeth for his "prep" school  
Far, far removed away.  
  
Oh, meek and lowly Freshman,  
Let joy illumine thy face—  
Thou soon shalt see thy "prep" school,  
For "finals" come apace.

—*University Courier.*

#### TO MY CIGARETTE.

Thou coffin-nail! Thou enemy of youth!  
Why art thou here? Why tempt me? Why, in sooth?  
Insignia of Death, away! for I'll  
Have none of thee this night, so cease thy guile.  
But stay! await! I am alone tonight;  
As deeds are evil only in the light,  
A solace in thy fragrant smoke I'll find—  
I'll throw good resolutions to the wind.

—*The Tech.*

## THE ARBUTUS.

Like some lone maiden in a woodland glade,  
 Sporting apart without a thought or care,  
 Who sees the sudden stranger standing there,  
 Then turns to hide, half curious, half afraid,  
 Holding across her breast's unconquered space  
 One hand which hardly serves to hide the sight,  
 While with a movement of untutored grace  
 She checks her hair which blows in wild delight  
 And clings in love-locks on her blushing face—  
 So fair arbutus, 'neath the secret shade  
 Of leaves that dimly screen new budding grace,  
 You try to hide your charms, and so evade  
 Unwelcome suitors to your forest place;  
 While you blush crimson like a maiden gay  
 When to her listening heart love throbs its first sweet lay.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

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 RECORD OF EVENTS.

- March 23.—Lecture by Dr. Worcester.  
 March 26.—Lecture by Mr. Davenport, Vice-President of  
 The Bethlehem Iron Company, Physical Laboratory.  
 April 1.—Base-Ball Team leaves for the South.  
 April 2.—Easter vacation begins. Base-Ball: University of  
 Virginia 25, Lehigh 3.  
 April 3.—Base-Ball: Boston 9, Lehigh 6. Death of A. P.  
 de Saullés, ex-'98.  
 April 4.—Base-Ball: University of North Carolina 7, Le-  
 high 4.  
 April 8.—Base-Ball: Columbian University 7, Lehigh 17.  
 April 10.—Junior Dance, Eagle Hotel.  
 April 11.—Lecture by Mr. Bedell, in Physical Laboratory.  
 Base-Ball: Allen Athletic Club 15, Lehigh 7. Production of  
 "The Wedding March," by Mustard and Cheese Dramatic  
 Association, Fountain Hill Opera House.  
 April 13.—Production of "The Wedding March," Easton.  
 Report of the death of James McMahon, '80, on April 9.  
 April 15.—Base-Ball: Rutgers 8, Lehigh 20.  
 April 18.—Base-Ball: University of Penna. 19, Lehigh 1.  
 April 22.—Base-Ball: Lafayette 27, Lehigh 6.

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